The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.] NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1801. [NO. XIII.

A LESSON ON CONCEALMENT;
OR,
MEMOIRS OF MARY SELWYN.

(Continued from our last.)

At these words she started on her feet. "Good Heaven! whither would you carry me? To ruin? I charge you, by all the kindness I have shewn to you, to hold your peace: promise me eternal silence upon this head, or I die at your feet; I rid myself, by my own hand, of life and all the evils which it has entailed upon my head. I know the guilt of self-murder: I know what I shall leave behind to my unhappy child, and what I shall meet in the state into which I shall pass; but no matter; plight to me your faith that you will not disclose my shame to any human being, or this night shall be the last of my life."

I [illegible]errified by the distraction of her looks and manner, and gave the promise she demanded. "Without your consent," said I, "I will impart nothing." She compelled me to repeat these words, and even to swear that my silence should never be broken.

Her tumults being somewhat hushed by this assurance, she relapsed into complaint of the cruelty of her fate. I listened to those effusions of her sorrow, because I hoped that the very act of pouring her distress into the ears of a friend, would gradually alleviate it. This was a privilege which hitherto she had never known. Communication and sympathy are, perhaps, the only sources of relief to a mind sorely charged. Grief owes its sting to the conviction of our own guilt, and the notion that the world is not only unanimous, but just, in its condemnation. The removal of this error is the revival of hope; but as long as our woes are not partaken, and our self-accusations not confuted by another, the error is inveterate and fatal.

I could not fail to express my wonder at her present situation. I mentioned my belief of her death, of the same belief adopted by her family and Haywood, and asked why she consented to marriage on conditions so precarious as those of the obscurity of her past life. How could her husband's curiosity have been eluded or defeated as to her true condition?

"I will hide from you nothing; my story will enable you to estimate the degree of my guilt and my penitence. It will make easy your adherence to the oath that you have taken, by shewing you the necessity of concealment.

"I know not how far your knowledge of my early life extends. You talk to me of my father and brother; you know that I have been betrayed. O! how little is known to you! If you knew all, you would not weep with me; you would not talk to me in soothing accents; you would view me with abhorrence; you would deny my claim to be treated as an human being. No, I have undertaken an impossible thing; I cannot, I must not tell all.

"Perhaps," said I emphatically, "you underrate my knowledge."

She looked at me wistfully, and with a countenance of terror. "O! no; what I did is known to no human being but myself. Your eye would scowl at me instead of pitying; you would rush from a house polluted by the residence of such——

"Pity for a wretch like me, would argue the capacity of perpetrating equal horrors. It would make you as detestable as I am in my own eyes. Cannot you think? Paint to yourself—a wife and a mother—."

Here her utterance was suffocated by sobs. At length, recovering from her anguish, she resumed:

"The days of my childhood were serene. I knew no vicissitude but from pleasure to pleasure. A sportive prattler they called me, who was never at peace. O that some mortal disease had snatched me from life at that happy age! That such as I then seemed, was reserved for the miseries that have since been my lot! Till my mother's death, when I was ten years old, I was unacquainted with sorrow; but even then, the traces of my tears quickly vanished, and the tide of joyous sensations re-visited my heart.

"I loved my brother—it is impossible to say how much. He was older than I, [illegible]*wh*receptor and friend. He accompanied me in all my walks—he read, he talked to me. His purpose was to fit me for performing a useful part in the world, to inspire me with liberal curiosity, to make me rational beyond the common reach of my sex.

"He doated on his sister: he took no pride in any thing more than in the proofs of my advancement. I have seen his eyes glisten on hearing my eulogy pronounced by those whose suffrage was of value. 'Why, yes,' he would say when listening to my praise, and with a smile of ineffable complacency, 'Mary, I must own, is a good girl.'

"O my brother! thou art dead, and, no doubt, I am in some mysterious way, the author of thy fate. Such has been the fruit of thy instructions!

"Time moved on smoothly till I was eighteen years of age. Every day added to my stores of knowledge, and to my brother's affection. My social sympathies were active. I had numerous friends of my own sex. I was the idol of my father as well as of my brother. He was a good old man, guileless as infancy, prone to confidence and love, and wrapping his existence in the welfare of his children!

"At that age a cousin of my father's, a youth for whom he had performed the duties of a guardian, who had been some years in Europe in pursuit of medical knowledge, returned to Portsmouth. My father's house was his home. He had been brought up with me and my brother, and our affection for him was equal in degree and in kind. I knew him only as a brother, and treated him as such.

"Alas! would to heaven I had been to him no other than the object of fraternal regards. He loved me, but was unable to awaken, in my bosom, the same sentiment. He tendered his love; and God is my witness with what heart-felt grief I heard his confessions. My feelings were incompatible with his. There was no doubt as to their nature or duration. That they would not change, that I could never be his wife without a forfeiture of happiness, was my intire and immoveable conviction.

"He entertained a different opinion. He confided in the influence of time and assiduities to win my heart. Knowing me to be unprepossessed, he trusted to that his ultimate success. It was in vain to assure him of my own belief; to assert the privilege of knowing myself better than another could know me; and to supplicate his forbearance. Love, he said, was the growth of esteem and gratitude. It was akin to pity; and these sentiments, he knew, existed in my heart; and would, finally, give place to love. Not contented with his own efforts, he called to his aid those of my brother.

"I was accustomed to make my brother's judgment the criterion of my actions. I modelled myself by no consideration but that of securing his esteem. I hoped that he would see the reasonableness of my conduct, and assist me in contending with the headlong passions of my lover; but I was deceived. For the first time my conduct excited his regret, and he censured me for folly and caprice.

"No words can describe my mortification and dismay. I was heart-broken by his reproaches, and prone to doubt of the clearest evidence when in opposition to his verdict. That I ought to love him whom my brother deemed worthy of my love, had been fostered as the most incontestible of truths. In my juvenile reveries, I had frequently looked forward to wedlock, but it recurred to my thoughts merely as enabling me to reduce my brother's precepts to practice, and affording the opportunity of proving my docility and gratitude. I could not deny the intellectual and moral excellence of *Colmer:* that love should have no other basis than esteem, was the sum of my creed as well as of his; but such was the perverseness of my heart, the depravity of my imagination, that while the claims of Colmer were seen to be just, my aversion to admit them was invincible.

"I was the prey of the most acute anguish. I felt that to be rejected and despised by my brother, was an evil not to be endured; I felt that I deserved his contempt; but still my indifference would not forsake me; and, what was worse, the conviction would not be suspended or outrooted that this indifference would continue for ever.

"Finding me refractory in this respect, my brother urged me to accept his friend, notwithstanding my indifference. He pleaded the merits of that friend, the fervour of his passion, the benefits to mankind and his family flowing from Colmer's talents, provided they were not blasted in the bud. At present, his activity was at an end, his life itself was endangered by his disappointment. A wasting disease had already begun its progress in his frame. His mother and his sisters beheld this progress, which was to bereave them of protection and subsistence; they knew to whom it was ascribable. His mother was a second parent to me, his sisters were my friends. Their tears, their silence, their frantic apprehensions upbraided my cruelty. Still, such was my deep aversion to marriage void of love, that I hesitated; I wept, indeed; the pleasures of existence became tasteless and wearisome; I desired to die, but my intractable soul refused to make the sacrifice that was demanded, till Colmer was reduced to a sick bed; till my brother vowed eternal resentment on my incompliance: with tears, with forebodings, with heartbursting sighs, I decked myself in bridal ornaments, and purchased the peace of others at the price of my own.

"I found some consolation in witnessing the joy which my acquiescence diffused. I studied to conform my wishes to necessity, and, if happiness were beyond my reach, at least to secure content. My hasband's health made it useful to make a voyage to sea, and try the influences of a tropical winter. My brother, shortly after my nuptials, embarked for Europe. He returned in company with one, who took up his abode in my father's house.

"The stranger was made an object of kindness and attention. To this, not only his general merits seemed to entitle him, but a pensive reserve, a musefulness, that studied to screen itself from observation, and bespoke some latent sorrow, enhanced his title to compassion and respect. I delighted in making others happy. My sympathy was particularly active for this man. I noted him in all his wandering; thought and spoke of him when absent, and pondered on the best means of diverting his dejection. I tried to engage him in discourse. I proposed employments and excursions whose tendency was to amuse. When he smiled, when his zeal engaged him in earnest talk, when he manifested satisfaction at the prospect of a visit, or declared himself pleased after an excursion, I congratulated myself on the success of my efforts, and acquired resolution to persist in them.

"My anxiety on his account, was at length observed by him. It seemed to produce gratitude; and his respect for me, his deference for my capacity, his attachment to my company became more visible. He dwelt in the same house, and my brother was set out on a new voyage. Hence his attendance on me, in my walks and visits, was more frequent, as well as our unwitnessed interviews at home.

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

THE LATE MRS. GODWIN,

AUTHOR OF A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

(From a late London publication.)

Her life had not yet been happy, The little enjoyment which fame had lighted up in her almost desolate soul, vanished at the torch of love. "The heart wants something to be kind to!" That something was not for her....she had known disappointment only. Such was the state of her feelings when she found herself on a sudden, and as she thought happily; attracted to Mr. Imlay. Nature appeared to her in new colours, Imlay appeared reciprocal in his affection....and all was hope! it was more....it was elysium, hope realized! Some have thought very meanly of this characteristic, and have not scrupled to represent her of "a vicious and unbridled imagination; a woman o[illegible] passions and desires." These knew her not, or they had known her otherwise. If her whole conduct towards her friend Mrs. Fuseli, be deemed insufficient to obviate these calumnies, let us hear her some years previous to this, when, in the midst of poverty and distresses the most complicated, she returned the following answer to some proposals which were tendered her on the subject of marriage:

"SIR,

"It is inexpressibly disagreeable to me to be obliged to enter again on a subject, that has already raised a tumult of *indignant* emotions in my bosom, which I was labouring to suppress when I received your letter. I shall now *condescend* to answer your epistle; but let me first tell you, that, in my *unprotected* situation, I make a point of never forgiving a *deliberate insult* ....and in that light I consider your late officious conduct. It is not according to my nature to mince matters....I will then tell you, in plain terms, what I think. I have ever considered you in the light of a *civil* acquaintance....on the word friend I lay a peculiar emphasis....and, as a mere acquaintance, you were rude and *cruel*, to

step forward to insult a womar whose conduct and misfortunes demand respect. If my friend, Mr. Johnson, had made the proposal....I should have been severely hurt....have thought him unkind and unfeeling, but not *impertinent*.—The privilege of intimacy you had no claim to....and should have referred the man to myself.... if you had not sufficient discernment to quash it at once. I am, sir, poor and destitute; yet I have a spirit that will never bend, or take indirect methods, to obtain the consequence I despise: nay, if to support life it was necessary to act contrary to my principles, the struggle would soon be over. I can bear any thing but my own contempt.

"In a few words, what I call an insult, is ths bare supposition that I could for a moment think of *prostituting* my person for a maintenance; for in that point of view does such a marriage appear to me, who consider right and wrong in the abstract, and never by words and local opinions shield myself from the reproaches of my own heart and understanding.

"It is needless to say more....only you must excuse me when I add, that I wish never to see, but as a perfect stranger, a person who could so grossly mistake my character. An apology is not necessary.... if you were inclined to make one....nor any further expostulations.—I again repeat, I cannot overlook an affront; few indeed have a sufficient delicacy to respect poverty, even where it gives lustre to a character....and I tell you, sir, I am POOR ....yet can live withou your benevolent exertions."

She was not married to Mr. Imlay; this ceremony was postponed till they should arrive either in England, or America. Even his name would not at this time have been assumed by her, had not a decree of the Convention, ordering the imprisonment of all the English resident in France, compelled her to take up the name of Imlay, in order to save herself, as the wife of an American. Other reasons, and those too of the most noble complexion, delayed the matrimonial bond. Mrs. Wollstonecraft was considerably in debt; and Mr. Imlay having come to Paris on mercantile speculations, she could not bring herself to encumber him with her arrears. She had reason to lament this candour: Mr. Imlay staid with her but too or three months....went to Havre, next to London, on pretences of business, and never re-united himself with her. Mr. Godwin has given a long account of this transaction, which, as it is gleaned from the letters of his late wife, we shall rather choose it from the original source.

LETTERS FROM MRS. WOLLSTONECRAFT TO MR. IMLAY:

We trace even in this letter, the querulousness of early sorrow:

"Believe me, sage sir,* you have not sufficient respect for the imagination....I could prove to you in a trice that it is the mother of sentiment, the great distinction of our nature, the only purifier of the passions....animals have a portion of reason, and equal, if not more exquisite senses; but no trace of imagination, or her offspring taste, appears in any of their actions. The impulse of the senses, passions, if you will, and the conclusions of reason, draw men together; but the imagination is the true fire, stolen from heaven, to animate this cold creature of clay, producing all those fine sympathies that lead to rapture, rendering men social by expanding their hearts, instead of leaving them leisure to calculate how many comforts society affords."

"How I hate this crooked business! This intercourse with the world, which obliges one to see the worst side of human nature! Why cannot you be content with the object you had first in view, when you entered into this wearisome labyrinth?—I know very well that you have imperceptibly been drawn on; yet why does one project, successful or abortive, only give place to two others? Is it not sufficient to avoid poverty?—I am contented to do my part; and, even here, sufficient to escape from wretchedness, is not difficult to obtain. And, let me tell you, I have my project also....and, if you do not soon return, the little girl and I will take care of ourselves; we will not accept any of your cold kindness....your distant civilities.... no; not we."

"I will own to you that, feeling extreme tenderness for my little girl, I grow sad very often when I am playing with her, that you are not here, to observe with me how her mind unfolds, and her little heart becomes attached!—These appear to me to be true pleasures....and still you suffer them to escape you, in search of what we may never enjoy.—It is your own maxim to "live in the present moment."—*If you do*....stay, for God's sake; but tell me the truth....if not, tell me when I may expect to see you, and let me not be always vainly looking for you, till I grow sick at heart.

* *This is the first of a series of letters during a separation of many months, to which no cordial meeting ever succeeded.*

"Adieu! I am a little hurt.—I must take my darling to my bosom to comfort me."

(To be Continued.)

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. II.

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool."
SHAKSPEARE.

AMIDST the general frivolity of the age, perhaps there is no science so little understood as the science of Folly; nor do I remember to have seen a single treatise on the Wisdom of being a Fool. Yet is there much to be learnt from this source, and many salutary effects to be derived from so trivial an art.

For one, I have long thought, that half of our disappointments in ordinary life are the consequences of an over-strained wisdom. The supercilious dignity of the pedant, and the prudish severity of the demirep; the sanctimonious scrupulosity of the bigot, and the inflexible regulations of honour, are alike the offsprings of imaginary greatness. To acquire the reputation of sense, it is not necessary to be sensible, any more than it is to be pious in order to wear the semblance of piety: but, to unite sense with condescension, and the essentials of piety with those of politeness, is a perfection not easily acquired. We rarely see them combined. Virtue is too often repulsive, and vice seldom uninviting. Vice, to become alluring, invests herself with the appearance of virtue; while virtue is ever defeating her own loveliness by wearing the asperities of vice. These are subjects for serious regret. They shew, it is true, the beauty of virtue, but they shew also the efficiency of vice.

Pleasure is the enchantress of man. Our very pains are the skeletons of pleasure. But for this, it is probable that evil would never have gained an empire in the world: for nothing but the promise of pleasure can seduce us from the path of rectitude. Some peculiar gratification which we have chosen as the vehicle of happiness (for pleasure is mostly ideal) proposes itself to our view, and we risk every thing to obtain what we regard as important to our peace: this exposes us to contentions; and disappointment but irritates desire: hence the broils and assassinations which deform our private walks, and the bloodshed which hath inundated worlds.

But we proposed a less weighty discourse: and, if we have extended our subject by tracing the influence of hypocrisy, so intimately connected with it; and the

composition of pleasure as exerted on the actions of man; let us resume our lighter intentions.

Let any one look about in the world, and he will find ample cause to regret that wisdom is not more dignified with folly. I say, more dignified with folly; for folly should be to wisdom as a handsome frame to an excellent picture. It is for want of this admirable union, that wisdom looks so unamiable. How, in the name of reason, are society to be reformed by his instructions, who thinks them too foolish for instruction? Often have I seen those who were disposed to learn, and who sought, with the most lamb-like submission, some information from a literary character, repelled by this owlet of science; whose misled eyes were importantly turned from the child of vacant simplicity: What a contrast in the accomplished Marcius:—he, though versed in the best systems of natural, moral, and historical philosophy, is ever ready to give information, even to those who are least willing to cultivate his kindness; and, so fearful is he to offend the feelings of his auditors, by a seeming ostentation or pride, that, when he has had questions repeated from those who could not clearly attend to his instructions, I have seen him more distressed than the most ignorant of men. Why so few of the literati like a Marcius? I know a person whose austere Christianity has made seven infidels of his children; and a woman whose squeamish morality hurried her daughter to the paths of seduction! Christianity and morality, however, have better supporters, though they have not more destructive enemies than are to be found amongst the number of their professors. Whenever Felix calls his little family to the devotions of the day, I see those who are in love with religion, from the amiable conduct of him who acts up to its divine injunctions. His family are the willing copies of so benevolent a friend. Elmira, for these many years, has been the only preceptor of her Emma; and that Emma is the sprightly child of innocence, for she never knew the voice of reproof, when reproof was inconsistent with truth. During the last winter I visited this happy mother, for happiness is the order of her house; and, to oblige her Emma, saw her mingle in the youthful dance with all the cheerfulness and much of the vigour of those with whom she mingled.

In that great estimate of the late Lord Chatham, the author says—"The ordinary feelings, which make life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to council and to decide." Such a character, we must say, without an intent to depreciate this mighty statesman, may attract the eye of public admiration, but, like West's sublime representation of "Death on the Pale Horse," it is only to be viewed at a distance; it will never claim the humbler admiration of love.... Too well indeed, do we know, that men have imbibed a false principle of greatness, which leads them to conceal those *weaknesses* which constitute the *excellence* of humanity. Thus Richlieu, when he could retire from observation, amused himself by jumping about his room; while in public, he concealed the man in the extended celebrity of the minister. Richlieu might have possessed many other valuable foibles, now irrecoverably lost, which he repressed as incompatible with his dignity: yet, were not these *blemishes* amiable? Which was the most endearing character: Cato, who practised a stoic apathy in all the gentle relations of life; or Cicero, whose affections to his family gave a nerve to his public voice? Would Terentia have resigned Cicero, as Marcia resigned Cato? For my part, when I see the enraged Corjolanus forego the destruction of his country for the affection which he bore to his mother and his wife; the supine Brutus roused to patriotism and immortality by the bleeding injuries of Lucretia; and a Cæsar melted into tears on seeing the head of his enemy....Pompey: I cannot, such is my weakness, but consider these as more exalted instances, than if the first had shewn a philosophical indifference to the ties of kindred and of nature; the next treated the rape of Lucretia as a common instance of debauchery; and the third expressed a malignant triumph at the sight of the mangled Roman.

Having enumerated some instances, both of a public and a private nature, evincing the excellency of those dispositions which adorn our milder hours, and the nature of a perfection which, if perfectly attainable, would disgrace and brutalize man; having shewn that the evils which we lament originate from an "overstrained wisdom,".... a want of that admixture of folly and wisdom which distinguishes, enobles, and endears the highest order of merit; it should seem that we have compassed our aim. But, as we have talked particularly to the philosophical, we would say a little to the religious stoic.

Except in the times of a Calvin, when the powerful corruptions of Rome-papal, opposing the advancement of all reform, gave birth to that invective and virulence so fatally conspicuous in some of the early champions of the reformation, except in these times, and times of like distress, one might hope that the spirit of intolerance had ceased to rave; and that the cold-hearted enmity of its disciples no longer existed. Would to God, that the close of the eighteenth century had confirmed this auspicious hope! There are characters who, while they reprobate the speculative scepticism of the day, and profess the philanthropy of Jesus, extend that philanthropy only to *themselves*, and are sceptics, implacable scepties, to the voice of Nature and benevolence. Indeed, to philosophy alone, much as it is now perverted, we may not attribute our misfortunes; the true soul of Christianity has ceased to animate the majority of its professors: happily for afflicted man, the corruptions of christianity are not Christianity; nor the perversions of science the spirit of philosophy.

Travels.

GRAND CAIRO.

[From Sonnini's Travels in Egypt.]

To suppose Cairo, in Arabic *Masr*, resembling one of our large cities in Europe, would be to entertain a very erroneous idea. The houses have neither the form nor elegance of ours. The streets are very narrow, unpaved, and the houses that form them not ranged in a line. The squares, vast, irregular places, without any buildings that adorn them, without any work of art to point out and embellish the centre, are most of them immense basins of water during the inundation of the Nile, and fields, or gardens, when the river has retired to its bed. Crowds of men of various nations, post through the streets, jostle, one another, dispute the way with the horse of the Mameluc, the mule of the man of the law, the numerous camels which supply the place of coaches, and the asses, which are the most common beast of the saddle.

This city, much longer than broad, covers a space of about three leagues. Turks, Mamelucs, Greeks, Syrians, Arabs, Cophts, Moors, Jews and Europeans, inhabit it; and its population may be estimated at four hundred thousand souls. Inhabitants of another kind had likewise taken up their abodes in the midst of this confused multitude of various nations. The terraces of the houses were covered with kites and crows, who lived there in perfect security, and whose sharp screams and hoarse croakings mingled with the tu-

mult of a restless and noisy populace. The disgusting vulture, the *vultur percnopterus* of naturalists, the *ak bobas* (white father) of the Turks, the *Pharaoh's hen* of the Europeans, added to this singular and melancholy society. Living only on reptiles and the produce of laystalls, this filthy bird happily wants courage to attack more interesting objects. The plaintive and amorous turtle has no more to fear from its talons than from the guns of the inhabitants, into whose dwellings she enters, giving them practical, but useless lessons of love and tenderness, in the caresses and attention of domestic happiness.

The splendour and prodigality of luxury were here contrasted with the rags and nakedness of want; the excessive opulence of those who bear the rule, with the frightful poverty of the most numerous class. The riches that trade conferred on the intermediate class were buried, or carefully concealed. Men who had acquired wealth dared not make use of it, except clandestinely, lest they should tempt the unbridled covetousness of power, and expose themselves to extortions, which a barbarous government sanctions under the name of *avanies*, and which, in spite of all their secrecy and caution, they cannot always escape.

With whatever external splendour these men in power were clothed, they were not in reality less ignorant and savage. Though the garb was that of luxury, it was not the less the vesture of the most complete barbarousness; and if this appeared still more hiedous and ferocious in a populace exceedingly vile, it was only because here it was naked, and the eyes were not deceived by the gloss of magnificence. At Cairo a few arts were exercised by foreigners, mechanical occupations were far from a state of perfection, and the sciences were absolutely unknown. The two extremes approached each other in more points than one. The beys were equally ignorant, equally fanatic, equally superstitious, with the rude dregs of the And the Not one of either could read or write; the knowledge of letters and of writing was reckoned a very great art, and, with that of arithmetic, was confined to the merchants and people of business. On the other hand, the Mahometan priests, bewildered in the gloomy labyrinth of school-divinity, busied themselves in attempts to understand and comment upon the reveries of the Koran. The sciences cultivated in the capital of Egypt went no farther; and to endeavour to extend their limits would have been a dangerous and useless enterprise. Any thing beyond this would have been deemed a crime; and knowledge would have been stifled for ever, had not the French undertaken to emancipate it from its shackles, and favour its display; for, according to the philosophical reflection of Volney, where knowledge leads to nothing, nothing is done to acquire it, and the mind remains in a state of barbarism*.

In fact, the mass of the people in no place could be more barbarous than at Cairo. Foreigners, persecuted, and even ill-treated under the most frivolous pretexts, lived there in perpetual fear. The French had several mercantile houses there; and occupied a small district, shut up by a large gate, which was guarded by janizaries. I shall observe, by the way, that the city was divided into separate quarters in this manner. The Europeans called these divisions, these enclosures, *countries;* and that to which the French were confined, and where they were more than once besieged, was called *the country of the Franks*. Here our countrymen, remote from all means of protection and assistance, spent days embittered by perpetual anxiety. If the success of their commercial enterprises diffused a temporary satisfaction among them, the prospect of an *avanie* perpetually before them soon checked it; and the sums of money or presents, with which they were forced to purchase an insecure tranquillity, from the almost daily changes among the members of the government, greatly diminished the profit, which, far from immense on some occasions, was in the end reduced to very little, in consequence of being diminished by a number of expensive concomitants. Confined in their *country*, these merchants, a continual prey to anxiety, and too often not without cause, were a striking example of what the desire of gain can affect, being obliged to forego their own habits, and assume the oriential garb. Woe to the European who shall ventu[illegible]ney Town, where they have a very th[illegible]l troop of actors and actresses, whose *performances* in England had previously ntitled them to considerable *eclat*. The st night's pieces, when the advice vessel iled thence, were filled by *distinguished ersonages!* who had formerly been *cast* or different *exits*, &c. The following is a orrect copy of the play-bill of the evening; nd it is no overstrained compliment to emark, that not only the auditors, but even the actors themselves, were universally *transported!*

MRS. PARRY'S NIGHT.

(By permission of his Excellency), at the L. Theatre, Sydney, June 1, will be presented,

them the *feste*, or head-dress of the Druses, which consists of a large piece of striped silk of various colours, and decorated with fringe, which is rolled round the head in the manner of a turban. The French, however, had not ventured to follow this innovation, which, by giving them a greater resemblance to the people of the East, would have softened the mark of infamy, with which the most ferocious tyranny abased them, and which exposed them to inevitable insults. Another indispensible care was to refrain from wearing garments of green, or any thing green about the dress. To have infringed this rule would have been to be guilty of profanation, and the punishment of the crime would have been as prompt as terrible. Green was the favourite colour of Mahomet; and is still reserved exclusively for his descendants, and for those who have merited a place among the number of the Prophet's choicest disciples by the performance of several pilgrimages to his tomb.

LAVATER,

The celebrated physiognomist, who lately died at Zurich, has been, for many years, one of the most famous men in Europe.

He was an humble country clergyman, of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteness of discernment. His perspicuity of intelligence was associated with weakness of sensibility and imagination, not a little akin to those of J. J. Rousseau.

In this situation, and with these qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expression of human sentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head, and other parts of the frame, in the complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived that, in all [illegible] transient passion, but even Flushing, Long-Isl[illegible] qualities of character, Lawrence, a respectab[illegible] expressed. He city. [illegible] way, much

From the return of the Sextons of the respective Churches in this city, which has just been published agreeably to the resolution of the Common Council, it appears, that the total number of deaths from the 1st to the 9th inst. were 31, of whom 20 were children and 11 adults; that one died of a malignant fever; one of old age; one of worms; one of a lax; two of flux; two of convulsions; one of sudden death; five of consumptions; two of casualties; two of fits; and thirteen of diseases not mentioned in the return.

composition of pleasure as exerted on the actions of man; let us resume our lighter intentions.

Let any one look about in the world, and he will find ample cause to regret that wisdom is not more dignified with folly. I say, more dignified with folly; for folly should be to wisdom as a handsome frame to an excellent picture. It is for want of this admirable union, that wisdom looks so unamiable. How, in the name of reason, are society to be reformed by his instructions, who thinks them too foolish for instruction? Often have I seen those who were disposed to learn, and who sought, with the most lamb-like submission, some information from a literary character, repelled by this owlet of science; whose misled eyes were importantly turned from the child of vacant simplicity: What a contrast in the accomplished Marcius:—he, though versed in the best systems of natural, moral, and historical philosophy, is ever ready to give information, even to those who are least willing to cultivate his kindness; and, so fearful is he to offend the feelings of his auditors, by a seeming ostentation or pride, that, when he has had questions repeated from those who could not clearly attend to his instructions, I have seen him more distressed than the most ignorant of men. Why so few of the literati like a Marcius? I know a person whose austere Christianity has made seven infidels of his children; and a woman whose squeamish morality hurried her daughter to the paths of seduction! Christianity and morality, however, have better supporters, though they have not more destructive enemies than are to be found amongst the number of their professors. Whenever Felix calls his little family to the devotions of the day, I see those who are in love with religion, from the amiable conduct of him who acts up to its divine injunctions. His family are the willing copies of so benevolent a friend. Elmira, for these many years, has been the only preceptor of her Emma; and that Emma is the sprightly child of innocence, for she never knew the voice of reproof, when reproof was inconsistent with truth. During the last winter I visited this happy mother, for happiness is the order of her house; and, to oblige her Emma, saw her mingle in the youthful dance with all the cheerfulness and much of the vigour of those with whom she mingled.

In that great estimate of the late Lord Chatham, the author says—"The ordinary feelings, which make life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to council and to decide." Such a character, we must say, without an intent to depreciate this mighty statesman, may attract the eye of public admiration, but, like West's sublime representation of "Death on the Pale Horse," it is only to be viewed at a distance; it will never claim the humbler admiration of love.... Too well indeed, do we know, that men have imbibed a false principle of greatness, which leads them to conceal those *weaknesses* which constitute the *excellence* of humanity. Thus Richlieu, when he could retire from observation, amused himself by jumping about his room; while in public, he concealed the man in the extended celebrity of the minister. Richlieu might have possessed many other valuable foibles, now irrecoverably lost, which he repressed as incompatible with his dignity: yet, were not these *blemishes* amiable? Which was the most endearing character: Cato, who practised a stoic apathy in all the gentle relations of life; or Cicero, whose affections to his family gave a nerve to his public voice? Would Terentia have resigned Cicero, as Marcia resigned Cato? For my part, when I see the enraged Coriolanus forego the destruction of his country for the affection which he bore to his mother and his wife; the supine Brutus roused to patriotism and immortality by the bleeding injuries of Lucretia; and a Cæsar melted into tears on seeing the head of his enemy....Pompey: I cannot, such is my weakness, but consider these as more exalted instances, than if the first had shewn a philosophical indifference to the ties of kindred and of nature; the next treated the rape of Lucretia as a common instance of debauchery; and the third expressed a malignant triumph at the sight of the mangled Roman.

Having enumerated some instances, both of a public and a private nature, evincing the excellency of those dispositions which adorn our milder hours, and the nature of a perfection which, if perfectly attainable, would disgrace and brutalize man; having shewn that the evils which we lament originate from an "overstrained wisdom,".... a want of that admixture of folly and wisdom which distinguishes, enobles, and endears the highest order of merit; it should seem that we have compassed our aim. But, as we have talked particularly to the philosophical, we would say a little to the religious stoic.

Except in the times of a Calvin, when the powerful corruptions of Rome-papal, opposing the advancement of all reform, gave birth to that invective and virulence so fatally conspicuous in some of the early champions of the reformation, except in these times, and times of like distress, one might hope that the spirit of intolerance had ceased to rave; and that the cold-hearted enmity of its disciples no longer existed. Would to God, that the close of the eighteenth century had confirmed this auspicious hope! There are characters who, while they reprobate the speculative scepticism of the day, and profess the philanthropy of Jesus, extend that philanthropy only to *themselves*, and are sceptics, implacable scepties, to the voice of Nature and benevolence. Indeed, to philosophy alone, much as it is now perverted, we may not attribute our misfortunes; the true soul of Christianity has ceased to animate the majority of its professors: happily for afflicted man, the corruptions of christianity are not Christianity; nor the perversions of science the spirit of philosophy.

Travels.

GRAND CAIRO.

[From Sonnini's Travels in Egypt.]

To suppose Cairo, in Arabic *Masr*, resembling one of our large cities in Europe, would be to entertain a very erroneous idea. The houses have neither the form nor elegance of ours. The streets are very narrow, unpaved, and the houses that form them not ranged in a line. The squares, vast, irregular places, without any buildings that adorn them, without any work of art to point out and embellish the centre, are most of them immense basins of water during the inundation of the Nile, and fields, or gardens, when the river has retired to its bed. Crowds of men of various nations, post through the streets, jostle, one another, dispute the way with the horse of the Mameluc, the mule of the man of the law, the numerous camels which supply the place of coaches, and the asses, which are the most common beast of the saddle.

This city, much longer than broad, covers a space of about three leagues. Turks, Mamelucs, Greeks, Syrians, Arabs, Cophts, Moors, Jews and Europeans, inhabit it; and its population may be estimated at four hundred thousand souls. Inhabitants of another kind had likewise taken up their abodes in the midst of this confused multitude of various nations. The terraces of the houses were covered with kites and crows, who lived there in perfect security, and whose sharp screams and hoarse croakings mingled with the tu-

mult of a restless and noisy populace. The disgusting vulture, the *vultur percnopterus* of naturalists, the *ak bobas* (white father) of the Turks, the *Pharaoh's hen* of the Europeans, added to this singular and melancholy society. Living only on reptiles and the produce of laystalls, this filthy bird happily wants courage to attack more interesting objects. The plaintive and amorous turtle has no more to fear from its talons than from the guns of the inhabitants, into whose dwellings she enters, giving them practical, but useless lessons of love and tenderness, in the caresses and attention of domestic happiness.

The splendour and prodigality of luxury were here contrasted with the rags and nakedness of want; the excessive opulence of those who bear the rule, with the frightful poverty of the most numerous class. The riches that trade conferred on the intermediate class were buried, or carefully concealed. Men who had acquired wealth dared not make use of it, except clandestinely, lest they should tempt the unbridled covetousness of power, and expose themselves to extortions, which a barbarous government sanctions under the name of *avanies*, and which, in spite of all their secrecy and caution, they cannot always escape.

With whatever external splendour these men in power were clothed, they were not in reality less ignorant and savage. Though the garb was that of luxury, it was not the less the vesture of the most complete barbarousness; and if this appeared still more hiedous and ferocious in a populace exceedingly vile, it was only because here it was naked, and the eyes were not deceived by the gloss of magnificence. At Cairo a few arts were exercised by foreigners, mechanical occupations were far from a state of perfection, and the sciences were absolutely unknown. The two extremes approached each other in more points than one. The beys were equally ignorant, equally fanatic, equally superstitious, with the rude dregs of the people. Not one of either could read or write; the knowledge of letters and of writing was reckoned a very great art, and, with that of arithmetic, was confined to the merchants and people of business. On the other hand, the Mahometan priests, bewildered in the gloomy laybrinth of school-divinity, busied themselves in attempts to understand and comment upon the reveries of the Koran. The sciences cultivated in the capital of Egypt went no farther; and to endeavour to extend their limits would have been a dangerous and useless enterprise. Any thing beyond this would have been deemed a crime; and knowledge would have been stifled for ever, had not the French undertaken to emancipate it from its shackles, and favour its display; for, according to the philosophical reflection of Volney, where knowledge leads to nothing, nothing is done to acquire it, and the mind remains in a state of barbarism*.

In fact, the mass of the people in no place could be more barbarous than at Cairo. Foreigners, persecuted, and even ill-treated under the most frivolous pretexts, lived there in perpetual fear. The French had several mercantile houses there; and occupied a small district, shut up by a large gate, which was guarded by janizaries. I shall observe, by the way, that the city was divided into separate quarters in this manner. The Europeans called these divisions, these enclosures, *countries;* and that to which the French were confined, and where they were more than once besieged, was called *the country of the Franks*. Here our countrymen, remote from all means of protection and assistance, spent days embittered by perpetual anxiety. If the success of their commercial enterprises diffused a temporary satisfaction among them, the prospect of an *avanie* perpetually before them soon checked it; and the sums of money or presents, with which they were forced to purchase an insecure tranquillity, from the almost daily changes among the members of the government, greatly diminished the profit, which, far from immense on some occasions, was in the end reduced to very little, in consequence of being diminished by a number of expensive concomitants. Confined in their *country*, these merchants, a continual prey to anxiety, and too often not without cause, were a striking example of what the desire of gain can affect, being obliged to forego their own habits, and assume the oriential garb. Woe to the European, who shall venture to shew himself in the streets in the dress of his own country! he would infallibly have been knocked on the head, or torn to pieces.

But to wear the long garments used in the East was not sufficient. It was necessary that some part of the dress should be a distinguishing mark, or, to speak more properly, a signal of contempt and proscription. The head of the European was to be covered with the *talpack*, a sort of high, hairy cap, peculiarly assigned to the *Franks*. For some time the more enterprising English had introduced among them the *feste*, or head-dress of the Druses, which consists of a large piece of striped silk of various colours, and decorated with fringe, which is rolled round the head in the manner of a turban. The French, however, had not ventured to follow this innovation, which, by giving them a greater resemblance to the people of the East, would have softened the mark of infamy, with which the most ferocious tyranny abased them, and which exposed them to inevitable insults. Another indispensible care was to refrain from wearing garments of green, or any thing green about the dress. To have infringed this rule would have been to be guilty of profanation, and the punishment of the crime would have been as prompt as terrible. Green was the favourite colour of Mahomet; and is still reserved exclusively for his descendants, and for those who have merited a place among the number of the Prophet's choicest disciples by the performance of several pilgrimages to his tomb.

* *Voyages en Egypte and en Syrie. Etat politique de l'Egypte.*

LAVATER,

The celebrated physiognomist, who lately died at Zurich, has been, for many years, one of the most famous men in Europe.

He was an humble country clergyman, of good education, a warm fancy, and a natural acuteness of discernment. His perspicuity of intelligence was associated with weakness of sensibility and imagination, not a little akin to those of J. J. Rousseau.

In this situation, and with these qualities, he was accidentally led to turn his attention, in a particular manner, to the expression of human sentiment and character in the varied conformation of the countenance, head, and other parts of the frame, in the complexion, in the habitual motions and attitudes, in the temperament of health, &c. He perceived that, in all these, not only transient passion, but even the more permanent qualities of character, are often very distinctly expressed. He carried his observations, in his way, much farther than any other person had before advanced.—Success inflamed his imagination; and he became an enthusiast in the study of physiognomy. The opinions relative to it, which he propagated, were a medley of acute observation, ingenious conjecture, and wild reverie. They were divulged by him in conversation, and in a multitude of fragments, which he and his disciples soon assembled into volumes. Novelty, mystery, and the dreams of enthusiasm, have inexpressible charms for

the multitude: every one was eager to learn to read his neighbour's heart in his face. In Switzerland, in Germany, in France, in Britain, and in America, all the world became possionate admirers of the physiognomical science of Lavater.

His books, published in the German language, were multiplied by many additions. In the enthusiasm with which they were studied and admired, they were thought as necessary in every family, as even the Bible itself. A servant would, at one time, scarcely be hired till the descriptions and engravings of Lavater had been consulted, in careful comparison, with the lines and features of the young man's or woman's countenance. The same system was eagerly translated into the French language: and, as the insight into character and secret intention which it promised, was infinitely grateful to female curiosity, all the pretenders to wit, taste, and fashion, among the lively women of France, soon became distractedly fond of it. It was talked of as a science susceptible of mathematical certainty; and was applauded as capable of endowing man with the power of omniscient intuition into the hearts and intentions of his fellows.

Two well executed translations naturalized the same books of Lavater in the English language: this naturalization was requisite to shew us the fallacy of his pretensions. The wanderings of imagination, the dreams referable to no scientific principles, even the occasional effusions of sublimity and pathos which those books displayed, might interest the curious remarker on human genius and character; but served, at the same time, to evince to the sound sense and shrewd discernment of Americans, that physiognomy was but an idle study, the amusement.... it might be....of the wise; the delusion of fools.

The physiognomical delirium of the weak excited, also, in Germany, the derision of the witty and the wise. The Physiognomical Travels, or Physiognomical Quixote of the celebrated Musaus, the preceptor of Kotzebue, was written in ridicule of the dreams and pursuits of Lavater and his physiognomical disciples: and, though to an American, its humour may not appear very happy, nor its wit admirably lively and pointed, yet its effect was, in Germany, powerful to the confusion of Lavaterism; and it raised its author, at once, to a splendid literary reputation.

But, even after the first charm had been dissolved, Lavater still retained many disciples. He continued to cultivate physiognomy, and was still eagerly visited by travellers passing near the place of his residence. By some of his adversaries he was idly and unjustly accused as an insidious Jesuit, who, under pretensions of physiognomy, pursued some vast and mischievous designs. His theological opinions took a colour from his physiognomical ones; and he became the abhorrence of the orthodox. His private life was simple, and even devoutly pious. His wife had become, as well as himself, a great physiognomist. He was always an early riser, and used never to take his breakfast, till he had, in his own mind, earned it by the performance of some literary task.

He was, at the dawn of the French revolution, not at all adverse to it. Even when it began to penetrate into Switzerland, he did not passionately declare against it; but when he saw his native country become a prey to the excesses of jacobinism, his indignation was earnestly roused, and he wrote some eloquent pieces against the oppressions of the French. He favoured the momentary counter-revolution. He was cruelly attacked and wounded by the French soldiers, when that counter-revolution was suppressed. His death was in consequence of those wounds. It may revive his fame, and excite a new curiosity for the perusal of his works.

New-York,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1801.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

William Elliot, of this city, has just published, No. I. of a periodical work, entitled, The Literary Miscellany. This publication was begun in London some years since, and *continues* to meet with every encouragement which a judicious selection, superior quality of materials, and elegance of workmanship justly merit. Amateurs have pronounced the American, at least equal to the European, edition, for elegance and correctness. As this work is rising rapidly into notice, and is already introduced into most of the genteel families in New-York and Philadelphia, we shall lay before our readers the

OUTLINES OF THE PLAN.

It is an evident and acknowledged fact, that our most celebrated authors have their excellencies and defects; their admirable and less interesting compositions; and that they wrote, not only on important and permanent subjects, but on such as were temporary, adventitious, and local. We, therefore, have engaged in the task of selecting the VALUABLE PARTS.

It is proposed, when the selections from an author will amount to thirty-six pages, to print them together in a pamphlet: when so few are found of intrinsic excellence as not to make a number, they will be disposed into classes. A few extracts from recent publications will be occasionally introduced, as specimens of excellence.

Respecting originals, we shall not suffer a disposition to produce a NEW BOOK to affect our impartiality at the expense of incorrect composition or unimportant materials: notwithstanding this, it is not intended to exclude, without mature examination, any communications we are favoured with (free of expense); and should they merit a place, will be thankfully received, and inserted accordingly.

On subjects of disputation, and where difference of taste is liable to interfere, the liberal and candid of different parties will be gratified; and such pieces printed in a manner capable of separation. By these means agreeable miscellanies may be formed, adapted to different purposes, ages, capacities, dispositions, or situations; of a pathetic, argumentative, lively, or humourous tendency, and unincumbered by such as may be disapproved.

Subjects of utility; whatever can amend and humanize the heart, inform the understanding, correct the judgment, and establish first, general, and liberal principles; whatever can awaken attention to obvious and important truths, will be eagerly preferred. We shall avoid the adulation of power, the celebration of offensive atchievements, and of savage and unmanly sports.

Messrs. Swords, of this city, have just printed, a Sermon, delivered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, before the last general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and published by order of the Convention. From the limited circulation to which publications of this nature are frequently doomed, it would appear as if the light and too generally corrupting productions of an unlicenced fancy, or the angry ebullitions of political parties, had usurped supreme controul over the public taste....The present discourse is on a subject deeply interesting to every christian; the certainty of the success of the preaching of the gospel, in its extention throughout the earth....it is the design of the preacher to apply this truth as the strongest encouragement to gospel duties and gospel labours; and he ably illustrates it by arguments drawn from the whole current of the

Divine dispensations, and from many express promises and pointed prophecies of the sacred writings. In support of the opinion which he suggests, that this promised extension of the Messiah's kingdom is not far remote, he modestly and ingeniously adduces, among other arguments, a prophecy in the Book of Revelations, which he places in a new point of view.... Under the last head of his discourse, he applies its leading subject, in regard to the influence which it should have on doctrine, discipline, and morals, to the Convention whom he addressed, and to the ministers and members of his own church generally. He earnestly enforces on them an attention to the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel, to strictness of discipline and purity of morals, as what only can secure to any church a share in the expected propagation of the christian faith. The concluding address to the elected bishop, at whose Convention the discouse was delivered, is delicate, affecting, and impressive. The whole discourse does honor to the talents, piety and amiable character of its author, and to the high station which he holds in the church. It is confidently expected that the members of the Episcopal church, in this city, and state in particular, will feel themselves interested in the circulation of a discourse delivered at the conservation of their much respected bishop, and which is calculated to inspire and cherish a zeal for faith, discipline and morals, truly primitive and evangelical.

(Com. Ad.)

SOLUTION TO THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

CARPENTER.

ENIGMAS FOR SOLUTION.

1.

Add two thirds of a word that is contrary to near,
To what a married woman should ever hold dear.
To these add a title very common in Spain,
And the name of a neat little town you obtain.

2.

A method of singing, omitting a letter,
Join'd to what men will do till they're wiser and better;
Add these to the rite to dead people devoted,
And a city appears, very ancient and noted.

RIDDLE.

Forth from the bosom of the deep,
I playfully emerge,
To sweep along the smooth sea face,
Or skim the foaming surge.
By mortal yet, I scarce am seen,
So distant are we plac'd;
But that I am a friend to man,
In my deportment's trac'd.
For when destruction threatens him,
I leave my silent bed,
And singing, warn him of the harm
That hovers round his head. T. S.

THE FEMALE SEX DESCRIBED BY ST. PIERRE.

How little are they acquainted with the laws of Nature, who, in their opinion of the two sexes, look for nothing farther than the pleasures of sense? They are only culling the flowers of life, without once tasting its fruits. The FAIR SEX, that is the phrase of our men of pleasure, women are known to them under no other idea....but, besides this, it is the creative sex, which gives birth to man; and the cherishing sex, which suckles and cherishes him in infancy....It is the pious sex, which conducts him to the altar, while he is yet a child, and teaches him to draw in with the milk of the breast, the love of religion. It is the pacific sex, which sheds not the blood of a fellow creature; and the sympathysing sex, which ministers to the sick, and handles, without hurting them.

THE THEATRE

WILL be opened on Monday evening next, when the lovers of the drama will have a five act FEAST presented them; *prepared* by the immortal KOTZEBUE.... *dressed and trimmed*, in the newest style, by the genius of a DUNLAP....and *served up* (we trust), in an elegant manner, by the graceful and accomplished MARTIN.

THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

THE *fashionable world* at Botany Bay have their *theatricals* now in the first style; they possess a regular Theatre, established at Sydney Town, where they have a very *skilful* troop of actors and actresses, whose *performances* in England had previously entitled them to considerable *eclat*. The last night's pieces, when the advice vessel sailed thence, were filled by *distinguished personages!* who had formerly been *cast* for different *exits*, &c. The following is a correct copy of the play-bill of the evening; and it is no overstrained compliment to remark, that not only the auditors, but even the actors themselves, were universally *transported!*

MRS. PARRY'S NIGHT.

(By permission of his Excellency), at the Theatre, Sydney, June 1, will be presented,

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

Ap Hazard	*Mrs. Parry.*
Sir Charles Danvers	*Mr. P. Parry.**
Tom Seymour	*Mr. J. White.*
Orville	*Mr. W. Smith.*
Samuel	*Mr. H. Parsons.*
Sir Bam. Blackletter	*Mr. G. H. Hughes*
Mrs. Seymour	*Mrs. M'Cann.†*
Miss Union	*Mrs. Radley.*
Lady Danvers	*Mrs. Miller.*

After the play, a new occasional address‡ will be spoken by Mrs. Parry.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

BON TON.

Sir John Trotley	*Mr. G. H. Hughes.*
Colonel Tivy	*Mr. W. Smith.*
Lord Minikin.	*Mr. W. Knight.*
Jessamy	*Mr. H. Parsons.*
Davey	*Mr. J. White.*
Lady Minikin	*Mr. Radley.*
Gymp	*Mrs. Sparks.‖*
Miss Tittup	*Mrs. Parry.*

* P. Parry, convict for life, late grocer in Oxford street, London, highway robbery.

† Mrs. M'Cann, convict, by Britannia transport, for seven years, London; brothel-keeper, St. Mary-lebone.

‡ Written by Michael Massey Robinson, clerk to judge advocate.

‖ Sparkes came out a free woman, lives with Vandercomb, who is a steady fellow.

N. B. Frances Grosvenor, alias Fey, convict by Britannia transport, for seven years from London—Cyprian corps. Pavoy, a quondam grocer, Oxford-Street—Occasional performers.

DIED,

At Georgetown, on the 23d ult. Mr. JOHN BIRD, Printer, Editor and Proprietor of the "Georgetown Gazette."

On Wednesday, the 4th inst. Dr. WILLIAM SHIPPEN, of Philadelphia, in his ninetieth year.

On Tuesday after a short illness, at Flushing, Long-Island, Mr. RICHARD T. LAWRENCE, a respectable merchant of this city.

From the return of the Sextons of the respective Churches in this city, which has just been published agreeably to the resolution of the Common Council, it appears, that the total number of deaths from the 1st to the 9th inst. were 31, of whom 20 were children and 11 adults; that one died of a malignant fever; one of old age; one of worms; one of a lax; two of flux; two of convulsions; one of sudden death; five of consumptions; two of casualties; two of fits; and thirteen of diseases not mentioned in the return.

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New-York,

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therefore, have engaged in the task of selecting the VALUABLE PARTS.

It is proposed, when the selections from an author will amount to thirty-six pages, to print them together in a pamphlet: when so few are found of intrinsic excellence as not to make a number, they will be disposed into classes. A few extracts from recent publications will be occasionally introduced, as specimens of excellence.

Respecting originals, we shall not suffer a disposition to produce a NEW BOOK to affect our impartiality at the expense of incorrect composition or unimportant materials: notwithstanding this, it is not intended to exclude, without mature examination, any communications we are favoured with (free of expense); and should they merit a place, will be thankfully received, and inserted accordingly.

On subjects of disputation, and where difference of taste is liable to interfere, the liberal and candid of different parties will be gratified; and such pieces printed in a manner capable of separation. By these means agreeable miscellanies may be formed, adapted to different purposes, ages, capacities, dispositions, or situations; of a pathetic, argumentative, lively, or humourous tendency, and unincumbered by such as may be disapproved.

Subjects of utility; whatever can amend and humanize the heart, inform the understanding, correct the judgment, and establish first, general, and liberal principles; whatever can awaken attention to obvious and important truths, will be eagerly preferred. We shall avoid the adulation of power, the celebration of offensive atchievements, and of savage and unmanly sports.

Messrs. SWORDS, of this city, have just printed, a SERMON, delivered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, before the last general convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and published by order of said Convention. From the limited circulation to which publications of this nature are frequently doomed, it would appear as if the light and too generally corrupting productions of an unlicenced fancy, or the angry ebullitions of political parties, had usurped supreme controul over the public taste....The present discourse is on a subject deeply interesting to every christian; the certainty of the success of the preaching of the gospel, in its extention throughout the earth....it is the design of the preacher to apply this truth as the strongest encouragement to gospel duties and gospel labours; and he ably illustrates it by arguments drawn from the whole current of the

Divine dispensations, and from many express promises and pointed prophecies of the sacred writings. In support of the opinion which he suggests, that this promised extension of the Messiah's kingdom is not far remote, he modestly and ingeniously adduces, among other arguments, a prophecy in the Book of Revelations, which he places in a new point of view.... Under the last head of his discourse, he applies its leading subject, in regard to the influence which it should have on doctrine, discipline, and morals, to the Convention whom he addressed, and to the ministers and members of his own church generally. He earnestly enforces on them an attention to the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel, to strictness of discipline and purity of morals, as what only can secure to any church a share in the expected propagation of the christian faith. The concluding address to the elected bishop, at whose Convention the discouse was delivered, is delicate, affecting, and impressive. The whole discourse does honor to the talents, piety and amiable character of its author, and to the high station which he holds in the church. It is confidently expected that the members of the Episcopal church, in this city, and state in particular, will feel themselves interested in the circulation of a discourse delivered at the conservation of their much respected bishop, and which is calculated to inspire and cherish a zeal for faith, discipline and morals, truly primitive and evangelical.

(Com. Ad.)

SOLUTION TO THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

CARPENTER.

ENIGMAS FOR SOLUTION.

1.

Add two thirds of a word that is contrary to near,
To what a married woman should ever hold dear.
To these add a title very common in Spain,
And the name of a neat little town you obtain.

2.

A method of singing, omitting a letter,
Join'd to what men will do till they're wiser and better;
Add these to the rite to dead people devoted,
And a city appears, very ancient and noted.

RIDDLE.

Forth from the bosom of the deep,
I playfully emerge,
To sweep along the smooth sea face,
Or skim the foaming surge.
By mortal yet, I scarce am seen,
So distant are we plac'd;
But that I am a friend to man,
In my deportment's trac'd.
For when destruction threatens him,
I leave my silent bed,
And singing, warn him of the harm
That hovers round his head. T. S.

THE FEMALE SEX DESCRIBED BY ST. PIERRE.

How little are they acquainted with the laws of Nature, who, in their opinion of the two sexes, look for nothing farther than the pleasures of sense? They are only culling the flowers of life, without once tasting its fruits. The FAIR SEX, that is the phrase of our men of pleasure, women are known to them under no other idea....but, besides this, it is the creative sex, which gives birth to man; and the cherishing sex, which suckles and cherishes him in infancy....It is the pious sex, which conducts him to the altar, while he is yet a child, and teaches him to draw in with the milk of the breast, the love of religion. It is the pacific sex, which sheds not the blood of a fellow creature; and the sympathysing sex, which ministers to the sick, and handles, without hurting them.

THE THEATRE

WILL be opened on Monday evening next, when the lovers of the drama will have a five act FEAST presented them; *prepared* by the immortal KOTZEBUE.... *dressed and trimmed*, in the newest style, by the genius of a DUNLAP....and *served up* (we trust), in an elegant manner, by the graceful and accomplished MARTIN.

THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY.

THE *fashionable world* at Botany Bay have their *theatricals* now in the first style; they possess a regular Theatre, established at Sydney Town, where they have a very *skilful* troop of actors and actresses, whose *performances* in England had previously entitled them to considerable *eclat*. The last night's pieces, when the advice vessel sailed thence, were filled by *distinguished personages!* who had formerly been *cast* for different *exits*, &c. The following is a correct copy of the play-bill of the evening; and it is no overstrained compliment to remark, that not only the auditors, but even the actors themselves, were universally *transported!*

MRS. PARRY'S NIGHT.

(By permission of his Excellency), at the Theatre, Sydney, June 1, will be presented,

FORTUNE'S FOOL.

Ap Hazard	*Mrs. Parry.*
Sir Charles Danvers	*Mr. P. Parry.**
Tom Seymour	*Mr. J. White.*
Orville	*Mr. W. Smith.*
Samuel	*Mr. H. Parsons.*
Sir Bam. Blackletter	*Mr. G. H. Hughes*
Mrs. Seymour	*Mrs. M'Cann.†*
Miss Union	*Mrs. Radley.*
Lady Danvers	*Mrs. Miller.*

After the play, a new occasional address‡ will be spoken by Mrs. Parry.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

BON TON.

Sir John Trotley	*Mr. G. H. Hughes.*
Colonel Tivy	*Mr. W. Smith.*
Lord Minikin	*Mr. W. Knight.*
Jessamy	*Mr. H. Parsons.*
Davey	*Mr. J. White.*
Lady Minikin	*Mr. Radley.*
Gymp	*Mrs. Sparks.‖*
Miss Tittup	*Mrs. Parry.*

* P. Party, convict for life, late grocer in Oxford street, London, highway robbery.

† Mrs. M'Cann, convict, by Britannia transport, for seven years, London; brothel-keeper, St. Mary-lebone.

‡ Written by Michael Massey Robinson, clerk to judge advocate.

‖ Sparkes came out a free woman, lives with Vandercomb, who is a steady fellow.

N. B. Frances Grosvenor, alias Fey, convict by Britannia transport, for seven years from London—Cyprian corps. Pavoy, a quondam grocer, Oxford-Street—Occasional performers.

DIED,

At Georgetown, on the 23d ult. Mr. JOHN BIRD, Printer, Editor and Proprietor of the "Georgetown Gazette."

On Wednesday, the 4th inst. Dr. WILLIAM SHIPPEN, of Philadelphia, in his ninetieth year.

On Tuesday after a short illness, at Flushing, Long-Island, Mr. RICHARD T. LAWRENCE, a respectable merchant of this city.

From the return of the Sextons of the respective Churches in this city, which has just been published agreeably to the resolution of the Common Council, it appears, that the total number of deaths from the 1st to the 9th inst. were 31, of whom 20 were children and 11 adults; that one died of a malignant fever; one of old age; one of worms; one of a lax; two of flux; two of convulsions; one of sudden death; five of consumptions; two of casualties; two of fits; and thirteen of diseases not mentioned in the return.

Parnassian Garland.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMEN; OR, BELLES HAVE AT YE ALL.

A PARODY

ON

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

THE "world's a stage," and true the saying—
For many parts we're always playing—
Some boast of country-seats for *scenery*,
Of *dress*, and very fine *machinery*;
While several of inferior station,
Know nothing about *decoration*—
How many can *full* BOXES *draw*,
Make their appearance with eclat;
While others can exert no pow'rs,
But, like poor *strollers*, "fret their hours."
For COMEDY, the ball-room enter,
Thalia reigns there in the centre!
For TRAGEDY, see many a mourner,
And FARCE you'll find in ev'ry corner!

Thus "players all," as Shakspeare says,
The "men and women," tis a fact—
And one man "seven ages" plays—
As many too the women act.

Since players, like the men we find them,
They must have *characters* assigned them,
While this great world the *stage* is,
Be it my present effort then,
To prove, as well as gentlemen,
They have their seven ages.

SONG.

Dear ladies, you'll be kind I trust,
Attend a sister's call;
A play-house picture shou'd be just—
Then Belles have at ye all.

Shall it be said, no part we take
In this theatric ball?
I'll ev'ry lady *actress* make—
So belles have at ye all.

If maids, or wives, or widows gay,
Whatever lot befal,
I'll hit upon the *parts* ye play,
Then belles have at ye all.

Of no *effect* would be life's *scenes*,
The *incidents* how small!
Did we not furnish ways and means—
So belles, have at ye all!

—

And now the *curtain rises*, and discovers
A pretty babe, amidst parental lovers!
The *scene*—a cradle!—such the infant age!
When Miss *appears the first time on the stage?*
Now gossips throng around the little creature,
They find the mother out in every feature.
Now silver bells, for joy and pleasure ring,
And thus the nurse begins to talk and sing.
(Makes a doll of her gown and mimicks nurse.

—

The next scene now a boarding-school discloses,
And Miss in many situations shows us—
She must have braces, to prevent round shoulders,
To keep her head up, and attract beholders.
How great her grief, when put close in a corner,
The *fool's-cap* on! for little fools to scorn her!
That's soon forgot, when breaking up is near,
When a plumb-cake or birth-day brings good cheer;
Then o'er the play-ground now she trips most gay,
Or with a *skipping-rope* drives care away;
But care returns—the writing-master comes—
And Mr. Roundhand teazes one with sums;
The dancing-master next—and debonair,
Monsieur Carpee now leads her with an air,
A visit then from Signor she receives,
And Arionella thus his lesson gives.
(Here is introduced an Italian song, which is sung with much humour.)

—

Miss in her teens, commences her third age,
She's all the *ton*—whatever is the rage;
She leers, she smiles, she plays too with her fan—
In short, she studies all the arts she can,
To catch the oglings of some favourite man.
She hints the poet, or I much mistake,
That "every woman is at heart a rake."
Now queen of fashion, she's admired by all,
At concert, play-house, opera, or ball.

—

The fourth age a romantic novel seems,
Heigho! she sighs all day—all night she dreams!
Her swain is false—or, well-a-day! another
Less dear—propos'd by father or by mother;
What stolen interviews—what vows of love,
Are witnessed by the moon and stars above!
Are there no means of bliss? Love gives the hint,
Elopement is a word oft seen in print;
She runs away—is married—what a fuss—
But she returns, and seeks forgiveness thus.
(Song (unaccompanied), kneeling, and acting in a burlesque manner, imitating the Opera singers.)

—

The fifth age is attended with cares,
Domestic troubles—family affairs!
A widow now, in sable weeds, good lack!
She'd give the world to have her husband back.
But the sixth age this sorrow may remove,
May bless our heroine with a *second love*;
The *dramatis personae* are encreas'd—
With sons and daughters is the table grac'd;
Such as the father was, is little Hal,
While the mamma in miniature is Sal.

—

And now the matron forms the seventh age,
When *whist* and dear *codille* her thoughts engage;
She wags her tongue as long as e'er she can,
Thus finding fault with her grand-daughter Ann:
(Mimicks an old woman's voice and manner.
"Fie, fie, now Miss, indeed you are too wild
I never saw the like at your age, child;
You must not go abroad—Why, are you mad?
The girls do nothing now-a-days but gad;
Ah, lord, be with the time when I was young,
I staid at home, and work'd the whole day long."
(Song, in an old woman's manner.

—

Now the catastrophe, alas! draws near,
Bah! rheumatism! pains in the bones! oh dear!
The doctor enters, and his fee he takes,
Her pulse he feels, and thus his head he shakes:
(Imitates a doctor taking snuff, &c.
Great danger—humph! no hope! no, none he thinks,
The *trap-door* opens, and my lady sinks:
She's play'd her seven acts, while some play half—
Let your applause then be her *epitaph*.

FINALE.

All the world we see a stage is,
All our acts are seven ages—
'Tis decreed that there we stop,
All our acts are seven ages—
And the *curtain* then must *drop*.

Exit, lady, all is over,
Let applause her failings cover,
Or her name *lies* on the *shelf*;
Let applause her failings cover,
Exit then with joy myself.

—

OUR indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

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